

this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close stoole, will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth wor-thie. A Conqueror, and affraid to speake? Runne away for shame *Alisander*. There an't shall please you: a foolish milde man, an honest man, looke you, & soon dashit. He is a marvellous good neighbour infooth, and a verie good Bowler: but for *Alisander*, alas you see, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a coming, will speake their munde in some other sort. *Exit Cu.*

*Qu.* Stand aside good Pompey.

*Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.*

*Ped.* Great *Hercules* is presented by this Impe, Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Cannus*, And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe, Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Mannus*:

*Quoniam*, he seemeth in minoritie,

*Ergo*, I come with this Apologie.

Keepe some state in thy exit, and vanish. *Exit Boy*

*Ped.* Iudas I am.

*Dum.* A Iudas?

*Ped.* Not *Iscariot* sir.

*Iudas* I am, ycliped *Machabens*.

*Dum.* *Iudas Machabens* clipt, is plaine *Iudas*.

*Ber.* A kissing traitor. How art thou prou'd *Iudas*?

*Ped.* *Iudas* I am.

*Dum.* The more shame for you *Iudas*.

*Ped.* What meane you sir?

*Boi.* To make *Iudas* hang himselfe.

*Ped.* Begin sir, you are my elder.

*Ber.* Well follow'd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.

*Ped.* I will not be put out of countenance.

*Ber.* Because thou hast no face.

*Ped.* What is this?

*Boi.* A Citterne head.

*Dum.* The head of a bodkin.

*Ber.* A deaths face in a ring.

*Lon.* The face of an old Roman coine, scarce scene.

*Boi.* The pummell of *Casars* Paulchion.

*Dum.* The car'd-bone face on a Flaske.

*Ber.* *S. Georges* halfe checke in a brooch.

*Dum.* I, and in a brooch of Lead.

*Ber.* I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.

And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance

*Ped.* You haue put me out of countenance.

*Ber.* False, we haue giuen thee faces.

*Ped.* But you haue out-fac'd them all.

*Ber.* And thou wert a Lion, we would do so.

*Boi.* Therefore as he is, an Ass, let him go:

And so adieu sweet *Iude*. Nay, why dost thou stay?

*Dum.* For the latter end of his name.

*Ber.* For the Ass to the *Iude*: giue it him. *Iude* as a way.

*Ped.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

*Boi.* A light for monsieur *Iudas*, it growes darke, he may stumble.

*Que.* Alas poore *Machabens*, how hath hee beene baited.

*Enter Braggart.*

*Ber.* Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in Armes.

*Dum.* Though my meekes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

*King.* *Hector* was but a Trojan in respect of this

*Boi.* But is this *Hector*?

*Kim.* I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timber'd.

*Lon.* His legges is too big for *Hector*.

*Dum.* More Calfe certaine.

*Boi.* No, he is best indued in the small.

*Ber.* This cannot be *Hector*.

*Dum.* He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

*Brag.* The *Arripotent Mars*, of *Launces* the almighty,

gane *Hector* a gift.

*Dum.* A gilt Nutmegge.

*Boi.* A Lemmon.

*Lon.* Stucke with Cloues.

*Dum.* No clouen.

*Brag.* The *Arripotent Mars*, of *Launces* the almighty,

Gane *Hector* a gift, the beire of *Ilion*:

A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea

From morne till night, out of his Pavillion.

I am that Flower.

*Dum.* That Mint.

*Lon.* That Cullambine.

*Brag.* Sweet Lord *Longanill* reine thy tongue.

*Lon.* I must rather giue it the reine: for it runnes a-

gainst *Hector*.

*Dum.* I, and *Hector*'s a Grey-hound.

*Brag.* The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,

Sweet chukes, beat not the bones of the buried:

But I will forward with my deuice;

Sweet Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

*Beuorne* steppes forth.

*Qu.* Speake braue *Hector*, we are much delighted.

*Brag.* I do adore thy sweet Graces slipper.

*Boi.* Loues her by the foot.

*Dum.* He may not by the yard.

*Brag.* This *Hector* saue surmounted *Hanniball*.

The partie is gone.

*Clo.* Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two moneths

on her way.

*Brag.* What meaneest thou?

*Clo.* Faith vntesse you play the honest Trojan, the

poore Wench is cast away: she's quick, the child brags

in her belly alreadie: tis yours.

*Brag.* Dost thou infamozize me among Potentates?

Thou shalt die.

*Clo.* Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that

is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by

him.

*Dum.* Most rare *Pompey*.

*Boi.* Renowned *Pompey*.

*Ber.* Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*:

*Pompey* the huge.

*Dum.* *Hector* trembles.

*Ber.* *Pompey* is moued, more Acres more Acres stirre

them, or stirre them on.

*Dum.* *Hector* will challenge him.

*Ber.* I, if a haue no more mans blood in's belly, then

will sup a Flea.

*Brag.* By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

*Clo.* I wil not fight with a pole like a Northern man;

He slash, He do it by the sword: I pray, you let mee bor-

row my Armes againe.

*Dum.* Roome for the incensed Worthies.

*Clo.* He do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute *Pompey*.

*Page.* Master, let me take you a button hole lower:

Do you not see *Pompey* is vncausing for the combat: what

meane

meane you? you will lose your reputation.

*Brag.* Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me. I will

not combat in my shirt.

*Dum.* You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the

challenge.

*Brag.* Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

*Ber.* What reason haue you for't?

*Brag.* The naked truth of it is, I haue no shirt,

I go woolward for penance.

*Boi.* True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want

of Linnen: since when, He be sworne he wore none, but

a dishclout of *Iaquenetta*, and that hee weares next his

heart for a fauour.

*Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.*

*Mar.* God saue you Madame.

*Qu.* Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interruptest

our merriment.

*Mar.* I am forrie Madam, for the newes I bring is

heauie in my tongue. The King your father

*Qu.* Dead for my life.

*Mar.* Euen so: My tale is told.

*Ber.* Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

*Brag.* For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I

haue seene the day of wrong, through the little hole of

discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier.

*Exeunt Worthies*

*Kim.* How fare's your Maiestie?

*Qu.* Boyet prepare, I will away to night.

*Kim.* Madame not so, I do beseech you stay.

*Qu.* Prepare I say. I thanke you gracious Lords

For all your faire endeouours and entreats:

Out of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,

In your rich wisedome to excuse, or hide,

The liberall opposition of our spirits,

Ifouer-boldly we haue borne our selues,

In the conuerse of breath (your gentleness

Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthe Lord:

A heauie heart beares not a humble tongue.

Excuse me so, comming so short of thanks,

For my great suite, so easily obtain'd.

*Kim.* The extreme parts of time, extremer formes

All causes to the purpose of his speed:

And often at his verie loofe decides

That, which long processe could not arbitrate.

And though the mourning brow of progenie

Forbid the smiling cirtesie of Loue:

The holy suite which faue it would conuince,

Yet since loues argument was first on foote,

Lernot the cloud of sorrow iustle it

From what it purpos'd: since to waile friends lost,

Is not by much so wholsome profitable,

As to reioyce at friends but newly found.

*Qu.* I vnderstand you not, my griefes are double.

*Ber.* Honest plain words, best pierce the ears of griefe

And by these badges vnderstand the King,

For your faire sakes haue we neglected time,

Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies

Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humors

Euen to the opposed end of our intents.

And what in vs hath seem'd ridiculous:

As Loue is full of vnbesitting straines,

All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.

Form'd by the cie, and therefore like the cie.

Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of formes

Varying in subiects as the cie doth roule,

To euerie varied obiect in his glance:

Which partie-coated presence of loose loue

Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies,

Haue misbecom'd our oathes and grauities.

Those heauenlie eies that looke into these faults,

Suggested vs to make: therefore Ladies

Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes

Is likewise yours. We to our selues proue false,

By being once false, for euer to be true

To those that make vs both, faire Ladies you.

And euen that falshood in it selfe a sinne,

Thus purifies it selfe, and turnes to grace.

*Qu.* We haue recei'd your Letters, full of Loue:

Your Fauours, the Ambassadors of Loue.

And in our maiden counsaile rated them,

At courtship, pleasant iest, and cirtesie,

As bumbast and as lining to the time:

But more deuout then these are our respects

Haue we not bene, and therefore met your loues

In their owne fashion, like a merriment.

*Dum.* Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then iest.

*Lon.* So did our lookes.

*Rosa.* We did not coat them so.

*Kim.* Now at the latest minute of the houre,

Grant vs your loues.

*Qu.* A time me thinkes too short,

To make a world-without-end bargain in;

No, no my Lord, your Grace is penur'd much,

Full of deare guiltinesse, and therefore this:

If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)

You will do ought, this shall you do for me.

Your oth I will not trust: but go with speed

To some forlorne and naked Hermitage,

Remote from all the pleasures of the world:

There stay, vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes

Haue brought about their annuall reckonjng.

If this austere infocible life,

Change not your offer made in heate of blood:

If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds

Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue,

But that it beare this trial, and last loue:

Then at the expiration of the yeare,

Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,

And by this Virgin palme, now kissing thine,

I will be thine: and till that instant shut

My wofull selfe vp in a mourning house,

Raining the teares of lamentation,

For the remembrance of my Fathers death.

If this thou do denie, let our hands part,

Neither intitled in the others hart.

*Kim.* If this, or more then this, I would denie,

To flatter vp these powers of mine with rest,

The sodaine hand of death close vp mine cie.

Hence euer then, my heart is in thy brest.

*Ber.* And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

*Rosa.* You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd.

You are attaint with faults and periurie:

Therefore if you my fauor meane to get,

A tweluemonth shall you spend, and neuer rest,

But seeke the wearie beds of people sicke.